

The Conversation

by Forlay

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Summary: Uh-oh...the Animorphs have gotten a hold of our fan fic...

The Conversation

Author's Notes: Yep, Forlay's back from her hiatus, and has tons o' stories for ya'. But, instead of going right to work like she should on other stories, she's writing a totally weird and silly one.

>Oh, yeah, I mention a few other authors in here. No offense to anybody's stories, this is just for fun, if you don't wanna be in here, just tell me.

> <div class="center"> The Conversation</div>

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> "Look at this. Look at this!" Rachel said, pointing at her computer screen. "This girl is messed up. She's obsessed."
 "That's nothing," Marco said. "There's this one girl who wrote a story and married us off, Xena."

> "Okay, then she takes the cake for nutso. Who is she? I wanna see this."

> "Uh...Rachel Brooke."
 From her computer, Cassie starts laughing. "Anybody read any stories by Ali or BBallGr124? From what I understand, they're one and the same. She's a really good writer, but some of her stories are a little...hmm, what's the word...?"

> Odd? Strange? Mondo Bizzaro? > Tobias supplied. I read a few of them. You read them, Rachel? >
 Rachel seemed to shudder, "Yep. I have."

> "Who's the girl who's 'obsessed'?" Marco asked Rachel, still on his own topic.
 "Um...Forlay."

> "Oh, yeah, I read some of her fics. That 'The Final Animorphs' one is pretty cool."
 "Have you read her series thing? Those are, like, her only stories that don't revolve around me! I swear, she's a stalker."

> Nah, a stalker wouldn't write such bizarre stories. You read 'Questions'? > Tobias asked from his seat in front of his computer.
 A girl suddenly walks into the room. All the Animorphs turn to look at the short, brown haired girl.

> "Who're you?" Rachel demanded.
 "I'm Forlay," The girl said. "I think I heard you talking about me."

> "It was them," Jake says. "I was sitting over here, minding my own business."
 "Probably because all she's ever done to you is kill you," Marco said.

> "I've done more with him!" Forlay protested.
 "Yeah? What?"

> Forlay seemed to think for a minute. "Um...in Animorphs: The Second Coming he's the father of twins."
 "Other than that?" Marco prompted.

> Forlay sighed. "Okay. So sue me. I can't write for Jake." She turned to him, "No offense."
 "None taken," Jake replied.

> "What're you doing here, anyway?" Rachel asked.
 Forlay shrugged. "Heard some people talking about me, thought I'd stop by. But I can tell you I sure didn't expect it to be you guys."

> Well, as long as all of us are here...I think we have a bone to pick with you, > Tobias said.
 "Uh-oh..." Forlay said. "What'd I do?"

> "You might want to sit down for this," Marco said. "It's a large bone."
 Forlay sat down in a chair as the Animorphs turned away from their computers.

> "Me first," Rachel said. "What's with all these stories you write about me? Seems like stalker behavior to me."
 "Honestly, it's not," Forlay said. "You just happen to be my favorite character, and the easiest for me to write for."

> Then what's with all your sappy romance stories? > Tobias asked. I mean, Questions, Seasons of Love, Rachel's Night, speaking of which, you know RB? She should be here for the discussion on that story. >
 "Sorry about the romances, no idea what's up with them. They just come out. And yes, I know RB. Blame her for the start of my romances. Without her writing 'The Night', I wouldn't have written Rachel's Night, which would mean the whole list of them wouldn't have started."

> And why am I not given stories? > Ax, who had been watching silently, asked.
 "You, Cassie and Jake are impossible to write for."

> "What about me?" Marco asked.
 "Just be grateful I haven't killed you off yet."

> "Yeah, I noticed that," Rachel said. "Romance and death, your specialties."
 Forlay shrugged helplessly, "Just be glad I haven't mixed the two."

> Yet, > Tobias added darkly. And you had some romance in 'The Final Animorphs'. >
 "But that was different than stories like 'Questions'. That was reflecting back. At the present time, there wasn't any romance."

> "Yes there was!" Marco said. "Jake and Cassie had a few scenes."
 "You're right," Forlay said. "And notice I have written practically zip for them since."

> "Which gets boring," Cassie said. "I mean, come on, don't you ever get bored of writing about Rachel?"
 Forlay thought for a moment. "Nope."

> Cassie rolled her eyes. "Just a piece of advice: broaden your horizons."
 "Hey, I write for "your" daughter and son, that's pretty broad if you ask me."

> "All five of those kids are odd," Jake said. "I mean, no offense, but I really don't see me, or any of us for that matter, giving our kids Andalite names. No offense, Ax."
 None taken, Prince Jake. >

> "Remember, they aren't you you. They're you several decades in the future," Forlay pointed out.
 "Okay. So we've taken care of Forlay's sappy stories, obsession with Rachel, and not writing enough for other characters," Marco said. "What next?"
> "Can you get some of these other fan fic authors in here?" Rachel said. "They have a problem with me, too."
 "I'll work on it," Forlay said.
> "I think that's it," Jake said. "In which case, we need to go. Ereks meeting us a McDonald's."
 "Can I come?" Forlay asked. "I'll promise to write the story from someone's point of view besides Rachel."
> "No spectators," Jake said. "Bye, Forlay."
 Forlay sighed. "Bye."

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